

THE OUTCROP.

Devoted to the Mining and Development of the Windermere and Golden Divisions of the District of North East Kootenay.

Year VII, No. 18.

Wilmer, B. C., Thursday, October 4, 1906.

\$2.00 Per Year.

OUR BIGGEST STOCK RANCH

A Beautiful Home of a Prosperous Rancher

The Outcrop reporter and family spent last Saturday and Sunday at Sinclair visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. McKay and certainly fully enjoyed the outing and their kind and generous hospitality. It is stating only facts to say that they have the most beautiful home in Columbia Valley and are also the largest and most successful ranchers in the valley.

Their home was described in the columns nearly two years ago when it was built, so it is now only necessary to say that it is built on the most modern architectural plan, with all the modern conveniences. It is heated by a furnace, has a water-work system, sewerage, etc., etc. It is situated on a nice grassy slope and stretching away in front of it south are many acres of green fields. To the east is the wagon road, the foot hills and the towering Rockies. North and back of the house are the barns, with a number of shade trees between the two. To the west—it is hard to even attempt a description of so lovely a sight—close to the house is the orchard and garden. Beyond are more acres of level hay fields, now green with the second crop; this extends until the banks break to the river, but below are sloughs and "bottom land", of which Mr. McKay owns 1,000 acres, and then the Columbia river appears; across it are many more sloughs, or rather pretty lakes dotted with hundreds of duck and geese. Then the bank rises again abruptly. Away from the bank stretch more level, park like land, and then the country rises in benches, fringed with green woods, until the rugged rocks of the Selkirk are seen with their cliffs and glaciers.

Some 24 years ago Mr. McKay's father and mother chose this beautiful spot for their home. "Jim" was then a mere lad, but grew with his brothers and sisters, he grew to manhood and still sticks to his old home, while the rest of his family scattered to distant parts, yet he is not alone for his sister, Mrs. Brabant, came back two years ago and owns a ranch adjoining. Then too, he has three bright, happy little children and a loving wife to keep him company. His father made the ranch pay, for he educated his children, gave them a start in life, and today Mr. and Mrs. John McKay are living a quiet, retired life in Victoria, and every summer come to visit the old home.

Jim is in the stock-raising business particularly now and every fall he drives several hundred head of cattle to Cranbrook or Golden and comes back with from \$5,000 to \$8,000 in his jeans, and he is stronger and his hair returning to the color of his youth. He is the boss of the men who accompany him—he is unassuming in manner, though far-seeing in business matters and always good company. Though his herds of cattle are on the range all winter he never fails to put up several hundred tons of hay to feed them in case the winter should prove unusually severe, and if the cattle do not need the hay along in the spring he can sell it at the highest price; thus as last winter was a mild one he sold \$2,000 worth of hay.

While stock-raising is his chief occupation he also has a little mixed farming and every year raises some oats, wheat, barley, turnips, potatoes, carrots, etc., besides keeping a few milk cows, sheep, hogs, chickens, etc. His orchard is a marvel; that is, his trees are

loaded down with fruit, the branches touching the ground. He states that the oldest trees were planted 12 or 14 years ago, on ground that had never been plowed. Stoles were dug and the trees stuck in, and they grew without any cultivation or care. The trees have been irrigated, but never pruned or manured, and this year for the first time the ground between the rows of trees has been plowed. Mr. McKay says he has not spared the time to attend to the trees, but he would like to know where the man is who can look at those neglected trees and say fruit will not do well in this valley.

DISTRICT CROPPINGS

And Other Items of Interest in a General Way

The glaciers this year have diminished at a wonderful rate. Some of them have receded from 100 to 200 feet further up than ever known before. This is due to the light snow fall last winter and the warm weather of the past season. Some of our prospectors state that if the glaciers continue to go as they have in the past ten years that in another ten years many of the smaller glaciers will disappear altogether. This season up Boulder creek and other creeks thousands of tons of ice have broken off and come with an awful roar tumbling down the hills, and prospectors tell of wonderful sights they have witnessed. In July last The Outcrop reporter was up Boulder creek and crossed here ground that the previous September was covered with ice ten feet thick. Thus some idea may be entertained of how rapidly the glaciers are melting.

W. Springer, who has been here for about two weeks as the representative of Messrs. Finch and Campbell, the Spokane mining men, went out on the Cranbrook stage Tuesday en route to Nelson. While here Mr. Springer visited the Mineral King, Black Diamond, Nettie M., Bunyan, Lead Queen and other mines. He was not in a position to give for publication his opinion on the different properties, but admitted that he was favorably impressed with what he had seen. He is a practical miner of many years experience in various parts of the world, and the owners of the properties he visited are thankful to him for the good advice he gave them in regard to the working of their mines. While here he met a number of old friends he had known years ago in West Kootenay and the Coeur d'Alene.

Another card of the Black Diamond ore is piled up on the wharf at Atholmer waiting for the steamer to carry it to be hauled en route to the smelter. The hauling of the ore from the mine still continues and if navigation holds on another shipment will be made. At the mine a force of men continue to take out ore and sack it, and the paystreak in all the workings continues to improve as development proceeds. This property, without exception, has developed more satisfactorily than any in this camp, and it has every indication of continuing to do so. The greatest advantage showing is that wherever a good surface showing has been found and a tunnel run under it the ore has been got with depth and, more, the ore body is larger and of better quality.

F. L. Snook has hauled all of Wm. Hays's ore from the Foushale mine under the Wilmer river landing and it is now ready for shipping to the smelter.

THE COMSTOCK STRIKE

Two Feet of Good Looking Ore has Been Uncovered

Several local mining men have visited the Comstock Group within the past week or ten days, and although they are not directly interested in the property they are all unanimous in reporting that Messrs. Bull, Harrison and Willard have the biggest strike made in this camp. Here we will only quote one man, Mr. G. A. Starke, who returned from the property last week. He said that it was at present difficult to tell much about the proposition as very little work has been done, but that the owners had not exaggerated in reporting their find. They had dug down about five feet and uncovered the ore in two places about 200 feet apart and it showed up two feet wide, some would say it was three feet wide, but he would put it down at two feet, although it really was wider. He considered it a very fine showing and brought more of the ore down, but he did not care to say more about the property until further development has been done.

The wise men are now staking far out in this valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones arrived on the Cranbrook stage Sunday from Morristown and are visiting Mrs. J. L. McKay, the latter sister, at Sinclair.

The continued low water in the Columbia river is alarming our ore shippers and they fear they will not be able to ship all the ore they have taken out this season.

Owing to an accident to her machinery the steamer Parmican was unable to make her regular trip last Friday, but repairs have been made and she is expected to arrive as we go to press.

A party of tourists arrived at Windermere Saturday from Banff, having come over the mountains by the Vermilion route. There was one woman with the party. We venture to say that in a few years hence many tourists will be riding caryages over the mountains from Banff and Calgary. This is a route that should be advertised.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer came down from Fairmont last Friday and disposed of a load of their crab apples to local parties at good price. This is a move we hope to see all our ranchers making in the future. The day is not far distant when the lead taken by Mr. Brewer will be followed and not only the demand in this valley supplied, but large quantities will be shipped to the Prairie provinces.

The Glendon correspondent of the Calgary Herald writes that paper: "Mr. Yates, of B. C., has arrived in town, and will open up the coming week a stock of drugs in the corner store in W. S. Coore block; besides drugs Mr. Yates will carry a line of stationery, books, magazines and jewelry." Quite a big place to come from, but there are a whole lot of people in this part of the big place who wish Mr. Yates all kinds of success in Alberta.

John Martin has left on exhibition at the Wilmer Mercantile Company's store a gigantic squash, grown on his ranch on Toby creek, four miles from Wilmer. The squash weighs 34 pounds, is 29 inches long and 23 inches around. It is a perfect specimen and is attracting a great deal of attention. Mr. Martin had a wonderful crop of squash this year and more exceptionally large one, but, of course, this one is by far the largest of them all. This is but one more evidence of the remarkable fertile soil in Columbia Valley and goes to show that it is unsurpassed anywhere. It may be of interest to mention that squash sell at 10 cents per pound here.

Chas. Palmer and M. H. Craik returned last from a successful duck hunt down the river and have disposed of large numbers to the hotel.

Annie S. Swan, the writer, is reported in a public print as remarking on the discourtesy of western people. That would do me, and would, no doubt, to some forty women journalists who less than two months ago made a tour of our Last West over the C.P.R. Everywhere, and we stopped for days at some places, we met with the greatest courtesy and kindness and a welcome whose warmth lit a fire in the heart which will never be extinguished. A certain silence there was, an intent observation on the part of the men lined up at the stations to see the train come in and go on again, as if life there were too hurried and pressing to leave time for mere conversation; but never did one of us address any of these silent and observant beings but we met with instant kindness and courtesy. Perhaps the English accent frightened them; perhaps English reserve was met with Canadian reserve. The prairie people have their own dignity, but I never saw one who was less ungenerous and kindly, never was handicapped by a snarl or a frown, never was the western men and women—Kit in Toronto Mail.

THE MOTHER LOPE FEVER

If you are going to hunt for gold don't fail to get inoculated for the "mother lode fever," says a man who has been digging for forty odd years. In my time, in California, in South Africa and in the Klondike, I have seen many experienced miners fall ill of this disease.

You get out among a big gang of men where everybody is struggling to unearth treasures and you get in that frenzy that makes you work with a superhuman strength and endurance. But if you have heard or read somewhere that those deposits of precious metals in the streams and all others that are located similarly have been washed down from up there in the hills that story will echo in your ears while you work, and at night it will be the subject of your dreams. Then you'll have the "mother lode fever."

That is, you'll have it unless you were an uncommonly well educated miner or one endowed with a rare quantity of good sense, or one of those lazy beggars that think it is true that everything comes to him who'll wait.

In many ways the theory of the mother lode seems plausible. Even the scientists have decided for sure that there's nothing in it. It is suggested

that the gold discovered in the streams, as so much of it was in California and the Klondike, comes from the mountains and was lodged there by convulsions of nature in bygone days. The theory of the mother lode is that in those convulsions great quantities of gold were deposited in the mountain ranges and that what the average miner finds is that part that has been washed down by the water. Sounds plausible enough, does it not?

One who has set his mind on reaching the great fountain head of the stream of gold is thoroughly convinced that some where back in the mountains, where the mining explorations have not yet been made, lies the Great Deposit. To be sure, he might pick and wash here in the stream and gather together enough to give him a fair competence for life, but why potter about with the small things when there, just above, lies the wealth that would make of him a modern Midas?

Ever hear of Lem Hollister? I first met Lem in California, and found him hot on the trail of the mother lode—he thought. Placer mining was not very profitable then. He had been played out. I didn't know much about the mother lode theory then; nobody did, I guess, for it was something new. Lem had picked up the theory somewhere, and he was sure it would pay him in the end.

He was a secretive cuss, Lem was. He'd work at placer mining for quite a spell, never say anything to us, but always seemed to be thinking a lot. When he'd gather up a little pile, he'd sell out his mine, whether he'd worked it out or not, and away he'd go up in the mountains alone. He seemed to think he could discover the mother lode without any assistance; he didn't want to have to divide with anyone. Of course he never found it. When his stake was gone he'd come back and dig in again to make another. Next time I saw Lem was at Sonoma. I was one of the first ones to go there from the States, but Lem was there ahead of us. We staked claims in the same locality and Lem worked faithfully and did well.

You'll soon have enough laid by to make you independent, I said to him one day.

Yes, I'm doing fairly well, considerin', he said.

You don't think you'll find the centre lode up here? I asked.

Not if I keep diggin' away here, he replied. I wondered then if he still clung to his crazy idea, but didn't say any more. A couple of days later he disappeared. I felt pretty certain as to where he had gone. I've heard others talking of finding the mother lode in the Klondike.

One day several months later I met Hollister in Dawson. His first expedition had failed; he had returned, made another stake and was going out again. His recent experiences had told on him; he didn't look for another journey in to those unknown regions.

Lem, I told him, don't you be a fool. You're getting on fairly well here and you ought to be satisfied.

Fairly well he sneered.

Better than lots of dew boys, I argued. What you've got 'dew's' look big here, but he'll freeze it all. You won't have to work any more if you live to be 150 if you keep at it place and hang on to your findings.

It's too slow and too hard, he replied. I might as well be working on the section. I've looked into the mother lode matter carefully and my searches have taught me a lot. I'd be a fool to give up now. Why I'm on the point of finding it. That's straight.

I might as well have argued with the wind. He never came back.

I got pretty much interested in the mother lode theory myself, but I never got the idea into my head that I could find it. Not I. I had seen too many of the victims.

CURIOUS MOUNDS

Built Many Years Ago on Summit of Mountain

A trip up Toby creek is very interesting at all seasons, although it may not appear as a pleasure to the prospector with a pack on his back, but to the tourist who rides on the hurricane deck of a caryage it is very interesting, especially if he be a tenderfoot and the caryage is "on to it", or if the pilgrim chooses to drive then he has both pleasure and scenery unsurpassed. To get to the phenomena, if it may be so designated, to be described, the traveler must wind his way eleven miles over a good wagon road up Toby creek to Pinesburg and thence, leaving the main road, up the Paradise mine road nine miles over a 10 per cent grade. Peeling the Paradise mine buildings a trail is followed about a mile up the basin to the Silver Belt mine. Here he must climb up the steep side of the mountain for nearly 800 feet with no trail to most of the way follow to the summit, where the "see of mountains" show up in all the magnificence describable.

The summit here is, perhaps, 150 feet across. Here the Silver Crown mineral claim is situated and on either side the two big ledges crop out distinctly, upon which some work has been done. The traveler will observe that this summit is almost level and sees peering through the fog, which is some two feet deep, smooth stones placed in circles about three feet across and each circle about six feet apart, so exact in distance that there does not appear to be the slightest fraction discernible to the casual observer; of these there are about thirty-five. At the east end is a large circle or mound raised some eighteen inches above the ground, and at the west end a similar one apparently has been in existence but is now fallen into decay. These larger mounds are located on each of the ledges already referred to. The stones which form these circles have evidently been taken from these ledges as they resemble the ledge rock in appearance, and have been worn smooth by the wear of time and the elements.

Just how to account for these circles or miniature mounds is the strange part, for they must have been placed there many years ago and by human hands. The popular theory is that they were placed there to mark the ledges, but the questions arise why were so many circles made and why was so much labor expended? When first discovered, seven years ago, the prospectors named the summit "King Solomon's mines," which is at least suggestive, and from the amount of high-grade ore picked up on the surface at the foot on the hill and mined the same may not be a misnomer.

Benold your country doctor, for he's right in the morning and k'oweth not what a day may bring forth. If he salutes all the news he runneth, a risk of having the ear put on him, and if he telleth not the news the people straightaway say he is N. G. and there is no joy in it. The crafty man cajoleth him into giving a 40 cent pull for a very poor 3 cent cigar and glad mothers from on him if he falleth to flatter their frizzle faced broods. The life insurance man setteth snares for him, and on the whole he shall have a dune of it.—Ex.

S. C. White Leghorns—Pure bred birds from well-known laying strains. A few cockades for sale at once. Price \$2 each. Apply to Whiskey Hill Ranch, British.

THE OUTCROP.

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W. F. EVANS, Publisher and Proprietor.

WILMER, B.C., THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1906.

Thus far this year upwards of \$2,000,000 have been paid out by Kootenay and Yale mines in dividend ends, with more to come, probably, before the year has run its full course. This is not a large amount, as mining investments go, but when we recall that only two or three years ago not a single mining corporation in this province was paying profits to its owners, it is a fact worthy of note. To the non-resident who has been waiting for a term of years for some returns from his mining investments, this is welcome news, and it is no less acceptable to the province at large, as it means that the mining districts are making good, and further, that they will continue to be profitable for many years to come. They have passed through their trying periods, most of them, and from now on it will be a step forward.

Among those concerns that have been distributing dividends we find the Le Roi, Le Roi No. 2, Center Star and War Eagle, St. Eugene, Reco, Providence, Crows Nest Pass Coal, Tye and others—not to mention the company that is beginning to lead them all, the Granby. The list does not include the private owned mines or the corporations in the business which have been profitable producers.

There can be no doubt that money talks in the mining business as in any other. Given a fair return for expenditure, and plenty of capital will be forthcoming for investment; otherwise, capital is naturally shy and conservative. Apparently, we are but starting on our real period of mining activity in this province. Capital, attracted by the returns being had, is seeking investment in many directions, and is finding outlets to its liking. Some years have been slow in making progress in the past, but henceforward the tale will be one of constant advancement and progress—as well as one of reasonable profit. Money paid in dividends talks louder and can be heard further than in almost any other manner, says the Phoenix Pioneer.

The recent stirring address of Mr. James J. Hill before the Minnesota State Fair Association at St. Paul has attracted wide comment. The great railway builder and land developer is a many-sided man, and into every subject upon which he converses or interest which he endorses he casts his whole soul, remarks the Vancouver World and goes on to say, that there is no halfway advocacy or opposition with him. He is either for or against a scheme and his enemies as well as his friends always know exactly where to find him.

Mr. Hill rarely speaks without giving thought, and when he says that only one-half the land in private ownership is now tilled, while the tillage itself does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield, without losing an atom of fertility, the correctness of the statement must be patent to everyone. In manufactures, he continues, we have come to consider small economies so carefully that the difference of a fraction of a cent or the utilization of a by-product of something formerly consigned to the scrap-heap makes the difference between a profit and bankruptcy; in farming, on the other hand, we are satisfied with a small yield at the expense of the most rapid soil deterioration. Mr. Hill pleads for a return to the older traditions, a readjustment of national ideas such as to place agriculture and its claims to the best intelligence and the highest skill the country affords in the very forefront.

Popular interest and invention and hope must, he urges, be concentrated on that neglected occupation, the youth of the country should be kept on or sent to the farm, and the steps of the strangers in our gates should be directed thither.

Bradstreet says that to this course the coming competition from countries like Japan and China, whose industrial strength we have not yet measured, and the need of finding support in the future for a vastly increased population, must strongly impel. Similar doctrine to this has been preached abroad, notably by the French statesman M. Milne. The call to the soil may furnish for some new discourser on the wisdom of the ancients a commentary on the fable of Antaeus, who was invincible only so long as he was in contact with his mother, the earth.

M. J.

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TIMBER LICENSES.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Horse Thief Creek and north of the 2nd creek, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 14th, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP, Locator.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted south of 1st creek, about 1/2 mile above the mouth of North Fork on Horse Thief Creek; thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to place of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Dated Aug. 14th, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP, Locator.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted north of F. V. Jones' timber limit, about one mile above the bridge on No. 2 creek; thence west 100 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 100 chains, thence south 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 22, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted south of new saw on No. 3 creek, about 1/2 mile above the end of Government trail on No. 2 creek; thence north 40 chains, thence west 100 chains, thence east 100 chains, thence south 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 22d, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post on north side of No. 1 creek, about 1/2 mile above the end of Government trail, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 22d, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the North East Kootenay District:

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of No. 3 creek, about 1/2 mile above trail bridge; thence west 100 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 100 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 100 chains, thence north 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 22nd, 1906.

R. S. GALLOP.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in the district of North East Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "Columbia River Lumber Co.'s north-east corner post" and planted on north side of No. 3 creek, about 1/2 mile above same creek; thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Aug. 22nd, 1906.

Columbia River Lumber Co., Ltd.

All K.C.B. Surveys Pass Through

ATHALMER

The Natural Centre of the District.

Situated at the head of the great Columbia River, and at the foot of the beautiful Windermere Lake. Athalmer is the Supply Point for all the Lumber Camps and all the Mines are reached from it. All Roads and Trails radiate from Athalmer.

There is no doubt about the railway passing right through Athalmer as every survey has made that point clear and switch yards have also been surveyed here. The purchase of town lots in Athalmer is a safe and profitable investment and prices are sure to advance.

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Already Athalmer has a Hotel, Two Stores, Sawmill, Church, School, Hall, Telephone and Steamboat Communication, Etc., Etc. And there are good opportunities for other lines of businesses.

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GAME WARDEN HERE

Offers to Assist in Forming a Game
District of Columbia Riding

Provincial Game Warden Williams arrived on the stage Monday from Victoria to look into the report of the Stoney Indians coming over from Alberta to hunt along the headwaters of Kootenay river. Tuesday he visited The Outcrop office and in the course of a pleasant conversation said that he had abandoned his trip to the Kootenay as his enquiries led him to believe he could accomplish no good by making the trip at present. He said that from all he could learn there was only positive knowledge of one Stoney having come over and he had done no shooting but came as a guide. Yet it was reported other Stoneys had been in the Kootenay and he had no doubt but the report was true and they would come again. He said that as the Stoneys had to be in Alberta to get their treaty money on September 29th they would not be back again for 10 or 15 days and as his time was very valuable at this season he could not remain here so long a time. Mr. Williams said there was a police station on the Alberta side of the range but it was possible for the Stoneys to slip by it, and he believed if a few of them were caught and made an example of there would be an end to all trouble with the Stoneys coming into Kootenay.

Mr. Williams said that it was up to the people here to act if they really want to preserve the game of which he had been led to believe there was an abundance. All they had to do was get together and pass a resolution asking the Legislature to create Columbia riding a game district and the request would be granted. A salaried deputy game warden would be appointed, paid by the Government, and the Indians would be put on the same footing as the white men. He noticed coming along the road that the Indians here had some of the best land he had seen in British Columbia, and argued they were not entitled to slaughter any more game than white men, as they paid no taxes and had many other privileges. He thought our game was too valuable to be allowed to be exterminated, and the Indians should know as well as the white men that it is better to now limit the number to be killed each year and always have some game than to shoot them all in a year or two.

Mr. Williams offered his assistance if the people in the valley will do their part and forward resolutions to create this a game district, and pointed out that this year in Lillooet over \$25,000 will be left with the trades people and guides by sportsmen, and mentioned numerous cases of these men investing thousands of dollars in real estate and mines as a result of their coming to British Columbia.

BRISCO NEWSLETS

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Miss Haywood of Sinclair spent Sunday in Galena visiting her numerous friends.

A. H. Mitchell has turnips weighing 15 pounds and cabbages that would make a Dutchman's eyes turn into saucerkraut.

Winter went out like a lion; spring went out like a lamb; and no doubt autumn will go out like a piece of canned meat.

The several teams that were taken to Spillamachene to work on the wagon road to Captain Armstrong's mine have been sent home. It was a false alarm.

Brisco did not get a visit from Albert H. G. Grey and his wife, representatives of the King at Ottawa, but the large potatoes raised around here are making thousands of people look over the map to see where the place is.

H. C. Piquet, a commission merchant in Vancouver, was in the Valley this week trying to get a corner on the potato crop. It is stated as high as 2 cents a pound was offered. Australia and New Zealand will take all the spuds that they can get.

J. R. Anderson, deputy-minister of agriculture, has returned to the sloppy slope, and speaks in glowing terms of the Columbia Valley. In an interview with the Victoria Colonist he said that while at Brisco he saw 500 gooseberry bushes which had produced 65 pounds each. This sounds none to The Outcrop correspondent. Brisco gooseberry bushes can no doubt produce more fruit than the bushes of any other district, but

they don't produce 65 pounds to the bush. The deputy-minister should remember that 6 1/2 tons off 200 bushes is a pretty force yield. Mr. Anderson must have mistaken the fir trees of this district for gooseberry bushes. This story reminds the scribe of the time when the late Nichol Schou was running a farm, orchard and poultry journal in New Westminster. In one issue he stated that a plum tree in W. H. Lader's orchard produced 40 tons. Being the first bearing year, it should have read, 40 plums, but the editor didn't know whether 40 tons was a big yield or not, and we have come to the conclusion that the deputy-minister knows just as much about gooseberries. What the Brisco bushes yielded was 20 pounds each.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post about one mile west and north of the point where the Government road crosses No. 3 creek, marked "Columbia River Lumber Company's southeast corner post"; thence west 120 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 6th, 1906.
Columbia River Lumber Co., Ltd.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post on the south side of Horse Third creek and one-half mile below South Fork, marked "Columbia River Lumber Company's north corner post"; thence north 80 chains, thence west 120 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement.

20 Columbia River Lumber Co., Ltd.

The W. M. Co.,

JOHN McLEOD. - - - Manager.



Johnny get your gun,
There is game in the bushes;
Duck on the sloughs,
And geese in the rushes.

Don't get the blues when you miss the wily duck,
Try a better gun and you'll have better luck;
If you'll try again with our Winchester pumps,
You will vary, very soon get over the dumps.

We have a stock of the celebrated Schutz and Amberg shells.

Rifle and Shot Guns of all kinds.

Shooting Coats with pockets to hold anything from a sprig of a cocktail.

We have everything that is good to eat.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Call and get measured for a Suit or Overcoat, made up in the famous BROADWAY BRAND.

Leave your order for Apples, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Etc.

When in town call and see us anyway.

We promise not to hurt you.

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